

IN TWO MINDS



DANIEL TORRIDON

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A Mystery

I am falling nonchalantly
Into premeditated demise —
Planned meticulously.
No one will find me.
I shall be unapparent.
Leaves will cover me,
Consume me,
Embrace me.
I shall forever be —
A Mystery.

A Rift In Time

A rift in Time —
Out of phase am I.
Invisible to the passing man with dog.
Ethereal — wispy like this fog.
Wraithlike to the young woman with pram.
Ghostly to the drinker with wee dram.

I wonder — Do they hear my feet
Stepping down this cobbled street
Echoing, “Clickety-clack, clickety-clack”?
Wishing myself back in Time
To verity —
And to my own Reality!

Angels of the Night

The demons rule my day,
The angels reign my night –
A quantum state of push and pull,
Of wonderment and fright.

The Silence from the shadows
Is deafened by the pain
Of racing Mind from where I find
The curse of my disdain.

And somewhere deep within
The Infinite appears,
And grasps my hand to steady me
And save me from my fears.

Alas, She does not stay
To love me yond the night,
But leaves me fore the break of day
To face my lonely fright.

Armageddon in My Head

In my mind, an electric storm ignites —
Tempestuous thoughts of Good and Evil.
Jesus and Satan are fighting
The battle of Armageddon in my head!

Neurotransmitters of exploding light
Are eclipsed, dim, and die.
Ten billion neurons fighting to survive
The battle of Armageddon in my head!

Wild words pour into the open
Like liquid death.
Hatred — Love — Repulsion — Desire!
Who will win this War —
The battle of Armageddon in my head?

Be at One, O Mine Eyes

Be at one, O mine Eyes,
With everything you see
When at the edge of Heaven stand thee.
Soak it in and breathe it deep —
This Serenity to keep.
For you will not pass this way again!

Be Me — I Dare Thee

Be me — I dare thee,
For but one day.
'Tis easy! you will say
Until you find — Yourself
Inside my Mind,
And such that is my Sanity.

Beautiful is Death

Her splintered smile of sacrifice
Will cut thee as a knife.
Her jagged edge will gently part you
From your hallowed Life.

Her shards of glass will empty thee
Of every shallow breath
And as you fade you'll hear her whisper —
“Beautiful is Death.”

Big Sleep

I sleep for a thousand years,
Suspended in the Sands of Time —
Unaware of the changing tide —
Devoid of Reason or Rhyme.
Alone in the black expanse —
Unremembered in the Big Sleep.

Break Out!

What is that fearful sound —
That squealing from within —
That strange scurrying to and fro
Somewhere in-between?

Trapped between two walls,
A scarifying attempt
To break out
And shout —
“Freedom!”

Dead Man Walking

Dead man walking —
A pardoned corpse
Freed of Life and all its warps —
An empty Self marching on.
Bones, and blood, and flesh — Be gone!
A fleeting, fading breath at most,
Smothered by the Holy Ghost.

Desolated

Those heady days
When Life and Love unchartered,
Were there to grasp, unthinking —
To defy the abandoned angelic way,
To dare, headlong, without design,
To rack and ruin, broken rhyme —
And then, in Time,
To survey your Desolated Land,
Strewn with crippled corpses, hand-in-hand,
Of Loves undone, and the One,
From Time you can't reclaim.

Discoveries

The purest of songs are not composed
But are discovered.
Lying dormant since time began,
They wait patiently to be unearthed.
It is not for us to dictate their direction
For they are born of themselves —
We are merely the privileged Discoverers.

Dissection

A silver fish
Cut, then opened wide —
Oh, so many parasites inside!
Dissection complete.
No more wounding
Until he lights upon
His A-plus prodigy —
A naive specimen
There for his incision.

Floating

What is this vagary —
This hovering I feel?
So strange and other-worldly —
Yet so expressly real!

Floating down the stairs —
My feet don't touch the ground.
I tread upon the dusty Light
That shineth all around.

Fragile

What fragile Bones are we —
Veneered with Skin
So very thin.
We tear too easily!

Free Will

Believe or die — that's the deal!
This is what we call "Free Will".

Cease your thinking,
Eat your words.
Recant the evil Lies we heard.

Give them up —
Name them all.
Resist and you will see them fall.

Threaten us and see what comes —
We, the sacred, Glorious Ones!

Gather Ye My Ashes

Gather ye my Ashes —
My body torched by Fire —
And scatter me
Upon the Water —
While I look on a while.

Give Me

Give me Love where I have Hate,
Enduring Strength to last the wait.

Give me Faith where I have Doubt,
Abiding Peace when I have nowt.

Give me Dreams when I do sleep,
Wondrous Joy when I do weep.

Make me Kind and Good and True,
And give me Friends, a loyal few.

God Above, God Within

Why does God not show his face,
But hide away and make us chase
Him to and fro? I'd like to know –
Why does he make us question so?

It isn't fair He gets to be
The King of all Eternity –
Staying hidden, standing by,
Watching silent as we cry,
Begging him "Why, oh why?"
He watches on as children die.

It makes no sense that God would be
So far away from you and me.
Perhaps he isn't after all –
Perhaps he answers when we call,
Or maybe only when we pray
A certain prayer a certain way.

Perhaps the answers lie within –
Perhaps I'm God or We are Him,
And all it takes is showing Love
Instead of blaming God above.

God Helped Me Park My Car

God helped me park my car today.
Of course, I did not see Him.
He's invisible — Spirit, as they say,
But I knew it was He
For I felt His presence touch me!

I was at the supermarket
Circling the car park
In my metal vulture —
Searching for a space,
Hunting for a place to park my car.

I could feel my blood boiling —
My Christian veneer peeling in the heat,
And then it was I remembered
Him above!
And so I prayed —

“Lord, help me find a space.
Grant me, Lord, a place
To park my car,
And make my day a good one!”

Then, miracle of miracles!
God granted me my prayer.
A space appeared as if from nowhere!
A place to park my car.
God — helped me park my car!

Meanwhile, on the other side of town,
A boy of eleven
Is praying —

“Lord in heaven,
Release me from this room I’m in —
This room of specimens!
And let my Teacher teach me not
Another lesson.
I beg of thee — please see!”

But God could not be found
For He was on the other side of town
Helping me to find a space —
A place to park my car.

“Praise God for all you are!”

Gods and Men

They arrived on the Light one Summer's day.
Through the Vortex, unannounced were they!
Gods, clothed with skin — illustrious within.
They stole our daughters, one and all,
And by the Fall freakish Lives inside began.
Once born, they grew and grew.
They were unstoppable —
Part god, part man!
Brutal abnormalities —
Hellish, grotesque monstrosities
Who made us fall, one and all.
They beat us black and blue — And too
Their Fathers showed us things,
Inhuman things — Forbidden things!
And moulded us their way — For they
Were gods and men who left us then
One Autumn day — or so they say —
To save themselves and let us fend
Alone as men to pray!
Alien to our world were they
Of Light so bright —
From the vortex one Summer's day.

God's Breath

I contemplate my breath –
Inhale,
Hold and ponder for a moment.
Exhale.
I repeat,
Each breath
Life – and death.
And thus, the Universe –
“God’s breath”.

Spirit –
Pure energy,
Converted into matter
With each exhalation.

Mind –
Transmitted from Source
Into innumerable conscious beings,
Pervading the Universe
Of which I am but One.

Inhale,
Exhale –
Until I flicker and die as a candle.

Yet whilever Source exhales,
New flames arise
And continue breathing –
Minds thinking
For their allotted time.

And this does God –
His breath exhaled,
Causing life,
Abundant consciousness,
Until all is extinguished
For a time.

But then – an inhalation!
Matter compressed into a singularity
Of purest energy as before.
And in that singularity,
Contained is all Thought,
As He holds and ponders for a moment,
Before exhaling once more.

Another cycle –
A billion billion lives and minds –
Eternally breathing –
In,
Out.
And to what end,
But to give life,
And thought,
And growth
To Source?

He Sits Alone

He sits alone each night
Waiting, watching for the light —
A sound, an echo from the height.
An out-of-world scenario!
A sign that Life exists — Although
Unlikely as it is, you know,
He sits alone each night
Waiting, watching for the light,
And should it shine — Oh, what delight!
He is not alone this night!

Her Breath

Her breath,
So warm upon my face,
Will linger for a while,
And then she'll smile
And fade away
Like Death.

Hollow Cries of Angry Men

Hollow cries of angry men
Drowning in God's mud — And then
A shell that breaks the quiet morn
Of muddy, bloody, Lives forlorn.

This war of Ambiguity,
To set the righteous oh, so free
Will empty all the blood of thee —
Your skin forever torn.

So cough your mustard guts — O Man
Of God with sword and gun,
And be the man who lives to tell — this Hell!
The only one.

Hues of Red

Mortally immortal,
Deathlessly dead,
I walk alone through this field
Drenched in hues of red,

And wonder whether
Luck or happenstance
Shines upon me still,
Or whether when I close my eyes
Sleep will ego kill.

Hypomania

From the depths of despair I climb —
Up, up, up!
I reach the top
And there I stay for but a while,
The world, frozen before me.
I hover above it,
Knowing that my mind
Can accomplish anything —
Clarity —
Creativity –
Energy!

Nothing is unreachable —
But I know it won't last,
And that's the scary part.
In the back of my mind
I know that at some undisclosed day, hour,
minute, second,
I shall fall —
Down, down, down.
No control.
Everything I have worked at will be left behind

And I shall end up
At the bottom
Looking up —
Wondering how I will get out of this hole.

I Am Capturing a Fish

I am capturing a fish
With my net —
A little fish,
Not grown yet —
A tiddler of a fish,
Silvery and wet,
And when I have him caught
I shall jar him in glass
And feed him bread
And hope he lives
A while yet.

I Am Not of This Crowd

I am not of this Crowd —
The void, the blank, the disavowed,
Identical of face
And marching on apace.

“Not too fast! Not so slow!”
Oh, how deathly, row by row
They wander blindly on
And go where they are told to go —
“Be gone! Be gone!”

Without a question — not one dares,
Or Death be done — and so they stare
Only forward, never back,
With fixed expressions, haunted, black.

So fake, unreal, so long unsung.
A shroud to mute their demon tongue.
Their grey, forgotten, sunken eyes
Are windows to the Truth — their Lies!

Boarded up, contained within,
Then cruelly drenched in see-through skin
And told to sleep —
“Sleep on! Sleep on!”

None will die uniquely.
Each will drown the same,
And row by row they'll leave this Earth
As surely as they came.

“So sad! So sad!”

These threatened clones
Of blood and flesh and fragile bones,
These empty, frightened, programmed drones.

Controlled abstractly from afar —
Vaguely noticed, cogs they are.

Yet I will stand my ground
And not “Flow on, Flow on!”
While those around me drown —
“So long! So long!”

I will not play the Game —
I will not be the Same!

I am not of this Crowd —
The void, the blank, the disavowed,
Identical of face
And marching on apace.

I Am Your Death, Precarious

I am your Death, precarious,
Hanging by a thread —
Equivocally indifferent.
Be careful how you tread!

I Died Today

I died today —
A wondrously, fine, strategic death.
No regrets, no pain, except to say Goodbye.

My breath evaporated from where I lay,
As if to signal the infinite end — No return.
I sighed my final, transient sigh so heavy.

My death, they say, was noble, yet tragic —
A fitting finale to a remarkable Life,
Full, resplendent and quite extraordinary.

Now I shall sleep for but a while,
And you will remember me the same.

If No One Died (Platitudes)

Why do I cry
When people die —
When loved ones say
Their last Goodbye?

“’Tis natural!
Sleep comes to all —
The exit plan,
Our final call.”

“If no one died
We’d ne’er abide
With God above,
Him by our side.”

“He’d lonely be —
Don’t you agree?
Or is it me
Alone can see?”

“If no one passed
We’d never know
The way the passing
Makes us grow.”

“We’d all live on
Ad nauseam —
An aged, sick
Continuum!”

So why do I cry
When people die —
When loved ones say
Their last Goodbye?

If Sweet Would Be My Passing

If sweet would be my passing
Then I should ask of thee
If we are truly friends
As friends should truly be.

Insomnia

Twisting, turning, tentacles of Death
Pulling you under with every breath.

Gasping for air, finding none.
Losing your grip, coming undone.

Enveloped in Grief, sucked in deep.
Desperate to catch the bliss of Sleep.

Wired, fired, an exhausted star —
Such is Life's Insomnia!

Implosion

A filament of Light
With the energy of a thousand suns
Breathing life to impossible ideas.

Endless days,
Infinite nights —
Words oozing like black, indelible blood.

Page after page,
Weaving utopian worlds.
Galactic twists and turns.

Unimaginable highs — Unthinkable lows!
The sum of all emotion
Spewed up — Unarranged.

Time collapses, giving way to eternity.
Into the void he sinks, grasping reality.
Gravitational collapse of the Mind!

The Prodigy who burned too bright —
His genius his demise!
Implosion certain — Extinction confirmed.

Now a fragmented, nebulous nihility.
A suffocated flame of lunacy.
An insignificant star in the infinite expanse.

In Two Minds

In two Minds —
Euphoric —
Yet so Sad.
Righteous —
Yet so Bad!
Saved by Grace —
Yet Damned!
The Child —
Yet the Man.
Enemies —
Yet Friends.
Sane —
Yet round the bend!
All is none too clear
In There —
Yet still in Here!

Jericho

Cord of scarlet —
Save the Harlot!
Telling lies —
Hiding spies.
Down the wall! —
Killing all.
Jericho —
Overthrow!

Mighty is Our God!

Mighty is our God!
He breaks the sword
With but His Word,
Burning cities,
Crushing kings,
Lifting us
Upon his wings
Where angels fly.
So, seated high
We sing —
“Mighty is our God!”

Missing Fingers

Yellow custard
And raspberry syrup
Sounds yummy,
Except —
Look!
The dinner lady has no fingers!
I wonder —
What happened?
Where did her fingers go?
Did they drop off in my custard?
And is that really raspberry syrup?
Dessert? —
No thank you, I'm full!
And I shall bring sandwiches tomorrow!

My Melancholy Mind

The forlorn Sky cries its tears.
A grey, opaque, void expanse —
A reflection of my melancholy Mind.

My Wish, My Dream

To live and love
And then to die,
Yet never question why.
To take my final bow
Without regret or shame.
To exit from this futile game
Yet know my Life,
Unknown, unseen,
Was nonetheless remarkable —
This, my wish, my dream.

Oh No! Oh No!

Oh no! Oh no! —
Blood! So much blood!
In the river, in the wells.
A stinking, stench — a living Hell.

Oh no! Oh no! —
Frogs! So many hopping, croaking frogs!
In our ovens, in our shoes,
Squishing, squashing — how they ooze!

Oh no! Oh no!
Gnats! Those pesky, pesty, biting gnats!
On our skin, in our hats.
Itching, scratching, this and that.

Oh no! Oh no! —
Gadflies — how they fly!
Through our windows, through our doors,
In our cupboards, in our drawers.

Oh no! Oh no! —
Pestilence!
Coughing blood, black and dense.
Begging Pharaoh has some sense!

Oh no! Oh no! —
Boils!
Weeping, bursting, popping boils.
Yellow pus — from us — recoil!

Then — Hail! Giant, frozen, icy rocks.
Crashing, smashing, dashing blocks.

Oh no! Oh no! —
What's that frightening, clicking sound?
Locusts! Locusts all around!
Creeping, wing-ed Clouds of Death
Smoth'ring ev'ry shallow breath.

Oh no! Oh no!
Now — the brutal end.
Darkness doth descend.
Pending — Egypt's doom
Amidst this eerie gloom.

Oh no! Oh no! —
What sorrow brings the Morrow!
Dead! So many dead!
In their sleep, in their beds,
And all because Pharaoh said —

“Oh no! — Oh no!”

Oh, Such Madness!

Oh, such madness!
’Twas Divine.
A Prophet he became.
Touched by God Himself —
The future to proclaim!

Insane!
He’s not inspired!
A departure from the norm!
Yet all he saw — and early too —
So quick became affirmed!

Oh, To Sleep!

Slowly, slowly, breathing deep —
Oh, to Sleep!
'Tis the wish of mine tonight.

Yet Sleep is strange and yields to flight —
A fleeting, flitting, Bird of Light.
Shine on Immortal Night!

From whence the hours come, and scarcely go,
With hands of Time so cruelly slow.
Faintly making pace —

While Sleep is shy
And hides her wary face.

One Glove

One Glove —
So alone.
No hand to fit.
Abandoned in the road —
Or lost.
Its other half
Now pointless too.

Our God, He Saves!

We stand, three million,
Extinction in our eyes —
Pharaoh's Prize.
Annihilation on our breath —
Jacob's Death.
Entrapped are we —
Cornered by the Sea.
That sound! That sound!
That terrifying, horrifying din
Of chariots, thundering in,
Imminent on the wind.
Sand all around —
In our sandals, in our throats.
Oh, for boats!
Advancing, closer, closer still.
God will save us, yes He will!
Watch Him split the Sea
And let us pass miraculously —
Us baptised,
Them chastised
Before our eyes —
The eyes of slaves.
Our God — He saves!

Pardoned

Splintered shards of candlelight
Somewhere in the dead of night
Soaking into every shadow —
Melting, dripping, silent tallow
Branding every sinner hallow.
Cleansed and pardoned —
Till the morrow.

Passing Through

I met a few
Passing through,
Loved one or two
As you do.
I always knew
It wasn't true.
We were only
Passing through.

Pathetic Little Man

You were so mighty —
A curly-haired, sandal-clad god
Wielding your authority
Like a double-edged sword —
Jabbing, cutting, slicing
With every captious word.

The self-appointed Judge
Of all who breathed your air —
Master of minions,
Lord of the Yes People.
Infallible,
Until —

Your mistake —
Your fatal miscalculation —
Me!

You silly, obsolete fool,
Thinking you could take Me on.
So sure you'd win (you always do).

I destroyed you,
Shattered you,
Smashed you.

I ruined you —
And then I smiled,
You pathetic little man.

Pebble

Pebble in a sling.
Goliath taunts our King.
Pebble in a spin.
Who will fight with him?
Pebble in the air.
True as David's prayer.
Pebble in his brain.
He'll not do that again!

Phantom

Unattached, his phantom limb,
Creeping, crawling, from within.
Disconnected on a whim,
Disavowed fore'er by him.

Rags and Bones

Rags and bones
Bitten black —
“March on, march on!”

Breaking ice.
Weeping red —
“Dig down, dig down!”

Skeletal souls
Ebbing breath —
“Sleep soon, sleep soon!”

Rapture

From Temporal to Eternal
In the blink of an eye.
Skinned, deboned
And winged to fly!

This is your Reward,
Your Accolade —
A bag of bones,
The price you paid.

Rigidity Becomes My Mind

Rigidity becomes my Mind,
Rigour mortis of a kind —
Hell-bent, fixed, so singular,
Strangely perpendicular
And vertically aligned.

I pray to Him above who hears
My Fears — my Demons in the Night
When Sleep takes flight
And does not come.
Awake! — Be gone O sleepless one!

Samson

Set their fields alight
With foxes' tails — Oh, so bright!

Then kill their men, all of them
With jawbone of an ass — Alas!

The one-eyed man was stronger then.
Samson died tonight.

Shadow of a Man

He sits with cup in hand —
Begging that you'll understand — his plight!

He'll not be going home tonight,
But sleep beneath the neon lights —

A Shadow of a Man.

She Stares at Me

She stares at me — vacantly —
Through embryonic eyes.
Like glassy marbles ebbing Life,
Stagnant as she lies.

Broken, fractured, crimson red.
Lethargic, disinclined
To take her final shallow Breath
And leave it all behind.

Sliver

A sliver short of full,
Under which a World was loved
And some were saved.

A sliver short of full,
Under which he breathed his last
And, crucified, he cried —

“’Tis finished, take me home.”

So Short Your Life — Yet Colourful!

So short your Life — yet colourful!
I wish that I could live and die
As swift and bright,
O Butterfly!

Speak Lies to Me

Speak lies to me
For they will soothe my Heart.
Truth will only slay me
And tear my Soul apart.

Speak to Me a Word or Two

Speak to me a word or two
And do not lay so still —
Devoid of spark,
Bereft of will.
Arise!
And dance for me
This merry tune of Life
And Be!
Till I am not.

Split

I am split —

An atomic aberration.

A quantum bipolarisation.

A two-in-one confusion.

Somewhat of a mental illusion.

Stars Collide

Somewhere in Eternity
You and I exist so free,
Balanced on the edge of Time,
Twin flames about to surely die,
Extinguished where we once did burn.
Stars collide and grant our turn,
If only for a second.

Perhaps the Universe
Will favour us her smiling curse
And cause Us life a while,
And We shall be once more,
Twin flames entwined as before,
And then together we will shine,
And as we shine we'll beckon:

“Please stay a while and see our light.
We shine together in the night.
Don't let us die but bless us time
For we are One – the Same.
And surely as the Stars collide,
And gift their favour on our side,
Let us burn as long-lost flames
And light our way in Love again.”

Stones

One by one they're called
Each to cast their Stone —
Cowards, one and all,
Who'd ne'er face me alone!

They twist my words to fit
And get inside my head,
Then pin me down so I can't move
And beat me nigh on dead.

Hour after hour
They violate my Mind
While swearing to their God above
They're only being kind!

Symmetry

Oh, what symmetry my mind demands —
A balancing of hands, digitally correct.
Insane, this ill that haunts my head,
And twists my joints, contorted, red.

Test Tubes

Too many eyes.
Too few limbs.
We are the Test Tubes
Where life begins.

We are artificial.
We are not real.
We do not think.
We do not feel.

Abstract illusions,
Chemical confusions,
A madman's delusions —
A revolution!

We will live.
We will die.
Another experiment gone awry —
We are the Test Tubes they deny.

The Brahman's Torch

“O, Brahman wandering on,
Say why you light your way
With torch in hand
Through all the land
By night but also day.”

“The sun is so, so dark,
My mind well versed in hymn,
Debaters weak,
And none can speak.
Their words are O, so dim!”

“My friend, you go astray!
Your torch is not so bright
As Sun by day –
Its golden rays
Of omnipresent light.”

“Where is this Sun, my friend?
I can not seem to find.”
“Ah! Close your eyes,
And realise
The sunshine of the mind!”

“You can not light the way
To Nirvana with a flame,
But if faith is strong
Then carry on,
And bliss you too shall claim.”

The Broken Years

So many broken years —
The Ghost that haunts my tortured soul
Has died so many deaths —
Reborn and given breath so many times
Then killed by head, not heart —
Yet when I hold Eternity
In these withered hands,
I shall have us live again
Somewhere still in Time.

The Circle

I am in The Circle —
Surrounded.
Trapped.
Unrelenting penetration.
Twisted.
Brutal.
On and on.
No relief.
No end.
Torturous probing.
Intruding.
Exposing.
Stripped naked.
Laid bare.
Divested dignity.
Nothing left.

The Crippled Hands of Time

To turn the crippled hands of time
Back to days anew —
When Love was young and dreams were mine
And regrets were but a few.

The Death of Me

I bleed —
Blood so thick and black
Of type unknown.
From whence it pours
To pool beneath my feet
I cannot see —
This, I fear,
Shall be the Death of me.

The Deed

How to do the deed —
Cut here and watch Me bleed,
Or leap from building high
And falling, wonder why
I did not choose the bus
And make a public fuss,
Or jump in front of train
And cause the driver pain.
A noose would slip around
And dangling I'd be found,
But tablets aren't so quick
And only make me sick.
Drowning takes your breath
And promptly leads to death,
While plastic bag on head
Will always leave you dead.
Gun would do the most
To turn my brains to toast.
Whichever one I try,
I need to make Me die!

The Fall

They say he fell,
Or perhaps was pushed,
Headlong down to hell.
Dashing, smashing, crashing —
A terrible din,
Breaking, puncturing within.
Cracking, splintered bone.
Here today, tomorrow gone.
A crumpled sack,
Limp, and found alone.

The Frail Grey

We, the Frail Grey,
The ones who say,
“Arise! And live your Life
Rife with pain — and gain.
Be the best,
Meet your test,
Then rest
And sleep some time
Until you wake again.”

The Guardians

I travelled East today
To see the Guardians of whom, my parents
say,
“They ne’er abort their post by day
But stand, one thousand years till now,
Rooted to the spot somehow.”

And there they were — the two of Gold
Majestic to my eyes — Behold!
The ones of whom my parents told.
Opaque, turbulent, burning fires
So blinding, I could barely see
The Forbidden Land that lay yonder.

Not unlike I were they, yet strangely unsame,
Wielding swords of spinning, twisting, blazing
flame.
A holocaust of light so bright.
Their heat — Intense!
Their size — Immense!
Approach and hope to live — Insane!

And so I stayed, verbosely lame,
And surely as I’d heard,
They did not move, or speak a word —
The Guardians of whom, my parents say,
“They ne’er abort their post by day.”

The Joke

I died on stage tonight
In front of an audience of thousands.
A new joke, or so I thought,
Never before told —
Such was the Life
I never got.

The Midas Touch

A sudden rush of Golden Light.
King Midas' touch — a curse, a blight.
The gifted, gilded, Gallant One,
Spawns another golden sun.

Oak and stone and feasts of Kings —
Gold he turneth everything!
Loathing his infernal prayer,
Begging mercy, hate, despair.

Midas can not free himself
From golden glory — endless Wealth.
Wishes he'd not asked this much.
Despising now the Midas touch!

The Painter

He paints his chilling dream tonight —
Tortured faces full of fright
Clawing their way out alive
From his infernal mess
Of arterial red
And holocaustic black, no less.
Artistic death!

But then — Whoosh!
’Tis sweeping golden over blue.
A change of mind,
A change of hue!
Yet for a while —
For then he layers over this again — his Pain!

Thick and deep acrylic tears.
Weeping crimson, abstract fears.
While drying, dying oh, so fast.
Fixed and varnished till at last,
He hangs — for cruel critique,
His stroke of Death,
So oblique.

The Score

Oh, how quick we live — and noisily!
’Tis brief yet loud this tune we play.
Each our own cacophony.
Fast forward, hardly pausing
To hear the measure of our Life.
This elaborate composition
Of notes and rests, sharps and flats.
The strangest key,
In our unique Time.
This is The Score —
Penned for us to play,
Ne’er repeat,
Then end.
The final note — One, two, three beats,
Slow — slow — then rest.
Silence.
We take our bow and wonder —
How did we sound?

The Sleeping Ones

Stealthy as you go,
Ne'er to wake the Sleeping Ones,
The vacant, vanquished, voiceless ones,
The rotting, reeking, rancid ones,
The ones with names the same,
The nameless ones, unknown, unfamed,
The recent ones still dressed and combed,
The shrivelled ones not long entombed,
The ones that Time forgot,
The ones that now are not.

The Stream

As the Stream
Becomes the River,
Becomes the Sea —
So it is
You lie to me.

The Virus

The enemy lines
On pavements are drawn.
Hazard-taped benches —
The public is warned!

“Only leave home
For food or for meds.
The rest of the day
Stay in your beds!”

Evacuated streets,
Pigeons galore!
Shop window Sorrys —
Can take it no more!

Week after week,
Losing your mind.
Don’t stand and chat
Or you will be fined.

The corner shop closed
Due to no trade.
Toilet rolls vanished
In some kind of raid.

Distant souls gather
Laughing it off,
Two meters apart
Until somebody coughs.
One-way traffic,
Enforcements in store —

Battling for pasta
In some kind of war.

The young and the old,
Looking forlorn.
The barber shop closed,
So no heads are shorn.

When all this is past
They'll surely make a killing
From those who survive
If only God willing!

They

They are watching me,
The unknowable They,
Their ocular probes slicing away —
Slitting, slashing, night and day
They.

I am to They a fascination.
An object of no sensation.
They scrutinise, analyse —
Peel away my thin disguise.
They.

They are speaking of me,
The unspeakable They.
Dissecting precisely each word that I say.
Forbidden incursion, a vocal foray.
They.

This Grey

This Grey —
This altered state of White,
Not Black yet,
Will linger for a while,
Awkwardly unsure —
Neither this,
Nor that,
Until the tide turns.
'Tis then so definite!

This Slip of Time

This slip of Time,
So brief yet infinite,
Is to me a ripple —
A single drop of Now and Then.
Past, Present, Future —
Entwined as One,
Then frozen —
A comatose reflection of My Life.
Numbed in ice
And left to slowly melt.

This Truth

This Truth —
’Tis neither true nor false,
This Lie —
Not black nor white,
And as I hold it in my mind,
And contemplate it for a while,
I see there is no end
To contemplating that which —
When it comes to measure —
Is neither here nor there,
And matters not
Unless one makes it matter.

Time

Time —
The infinite circle,
So Divine,
Understood only when we stop —
Being.

Tin Bath

This room —
Bare but for a tin bath
In which I sit
Soaping,
Rinsing,
Repeating.
Lingering
Until my fingers
Resemble prunes.

'Tis a Growling Wind Tonight

'Tis a growling Wind tonight
Clawing to get in
Through any crack of Light
To freeze my mortal skin.

Be gone, O tortured Tempest!
You'll find no welcome here.
Howl and holler if you must —
I'll ne'er lend you an ear!

Vacuity

Into the Great Vacuity
I pass with heavy heart,
Enveloped in the emptiness
Where Ego plays no part.

And as I drift still further deep,
And Time runs slower still,
I feel Her grasping out a hand
As every breath She kills.

Another thought – another dream —
Until there is no Me,
And should I not awaken
My mind would simply Be.

What Maketh Me

What maketh me
Is history —
The bruises
And the battery,
The empty camaraderie
And Life's abiding vanity.

What's the Difference?

Your Amlodipine works on your heart and blood vessels.

My Quetiapine works on the neurotransmitters in my brain.

— What's the difference?

Your Amlodipine controls your blood pressure.

My Quetiapine controls my dopamine.

— What's the difference?

Your Amlodipine blocks calcium channels in your heart.

My Quetiapine blocks receptors in my brain.

— What's the difference?

Your Amlodipine slows down calcium activity.

My Quetiapine slows down dopamine activity.

— What's the difference?

Your Amlodipine relaxes your blood vessels.

My Quetiapine relaxes my brain.

— What's the difference?

Your Amlodipine regulates your blood flow.

My Quetiapine regulates my mood.

— What's the difference?

You suffer from Angina.

I suffer from Bipolar.

— What's the difference?

When I End

When I end,
I need to know —
Did I make a difference?
Did I interfere
With the path of Time?
Did I alter the flow
Of the collective Consciousness?
Did I bend Space
Even just a little?
Or was my presence so gentle, so light,
That my passing will be silent —
My footprints indistinct
In the sands of Yesterday?

White Dust

This Dust that drifts from heaven
To cover white the Hill
Will cloak us should we tarry.
So onward — ne'er be still!

Who Would Lose a Shoe?

Who would lose a Shoe?

Seems such a curious thing to do!

Did he hop his journey home?

Or ne'er grasp that it was gone?

Winter

The Yellow's turned to black and white.
'Tis such a monotone!
The Wind, his icy teeth has bared
And gnawed me to the bone.

The Rock has hid his face in cloud.
'Tis such a cold, cold hell —
The Tree, no longer proud,
Has bid the Leaf farewell!

The Loch's removed his coat of blue.
'Tis such a deep, deep grey.
His sympathy consoles me
As Winter comes what may.

Yellow Man

I killed a man today —
A yellow fellow.
A fluke, they say —
A moment of brave fortune,
A “good day”.
Blinded by the smoke,
Trying not to choke,
He gave the game away —
Stupid yellow fellow!
Shot, clean through his throat,
My whizzing bullet broke
His yellow skin
And entered deep within —
Doing violent mischief.
Then, continued on its way,
Perhaps to ricochet,
Or kill another yellow fellow today,
Or fizzle out and fall,
Forgotten in the mud,
And all while Yellow Man
Dances his ballet,
Letting out a shriek,
Compromised,
A bloody leak —
Arterial demise!
Unable now to speak,
But for his yellow eyes.

Your Cruel Words

Your cruel words fall
As leaves upon the forest floor,
Dead before they land
And mouldered evermore.

DEAR READER

Most likely, as you read these poems, you will have a notion of what they mean, at least to you. It is not my desire to detract from your personal interpretations. The wonderful thing about a poem is that it can have different meanings to different readers. However, as is often the case, and certainly with my poetry, there is the “official” interpretation—the intention of the writer—and so, to the curious reader, I offer the following by way of explanation.

Many of my poems are inspired by my experience with Bipolar Disorder, also known as Manic Depression, the result of childhood sexual abuse, relentless bullying at school, and mental and spiritual abuse later in adult life. Poems such as *Free Will*, *God Helped Me Park My Car*, *Stones*, *The Circle*, *They*, and *What Maketh Me* are unapologetic in their references to the abuses I have suffered. Through my poetry, I lay bare the scars that have contributed to who I am today.

When you read poems such as *Be Me — I Dare Thee*, *Implosion*, *In Two Minds*, *My Melancholy Mind*, *Oh, Such Madness!*, *The Painter*, and *This Grey*, you are reading about the sudden and extreme changes in mood a person with

Bipolar Disorder can experience—hence the title of my book, *In Two Minds*. You are also given a unique glimpse into the highly creative Bipolar mind, especially during the hypomanic phase, which is when many of these poems were written.

It is said that as many as 50% of Bipolar patients attempt suicide at least once. I am one of those fifty-in-one-hundred who has taken an overdose in an effort to fall asleep and forget life's worries. It should be of no surprise then, that the themes of many of my poems relate to human mortality and death. *A Mystery* is quite clearly the narrative of a suicide who has planned his death meticulously so as to trouble his loved ones as little as possible. *I Am Your Death, Precarious, The Score, Fragile, Passing Through, and So Short Your Life — Yet Colourful!* address the shortness and unpredictability of life and death, matters my Bipolar brain ponders on frequently!

A number of my poems such as *Armageddon in My Head, Pardoned, Rapture, and Samson* have a spiritual or religious theme. Having had a strict religious upbringing at a Jehovah's Witness it is of little wonder that this should be the case. *Gods and Men* is a vivid reference to the antediluvian world described in the Bible book of Genesis. My intention with *Dead*

Man Walking was to describe the life of a Christian who has been “born again” by Holy Spirit, forgiven of their sins, now dead to their pre-Christian life and awaiting the shedding of their mortal body to be with Christ. However, one reader understood this poem in a completely different way. To her, these words depicted a prisoner on death row, being taken for execution, led by a priest saying his last rites. Two completely different meanings of the same poem. This is why I love poetry!

Not all of my poems are expressions of my personal thoughts and feelings. On occasion I will hear people voice their own opinions on such controversial matters as war, religion, God, the afterlife and so on, and these become the basis for my poetry. Poems such as *Hollow Cries of Angry Men*, *If No One Died (Platitudes)*, and *The Brahman’s Torch* are examples of poems written, at least to some extent, from an outside perspective.

Finally, you will find among my poems, many a succinct observation of life in all its curious shades. Insomnia, one of the many symptoms of the hypomanic phase of Bipolar is written about in *Insomnia* and *Oh, To Sleep!* Meanwhile, the qualities of loyalty and truthfulness among friends become the subject of *If Sweet Would Be My Passing* and *The Stream*. Then too, childhood memories,

some happy, some tragic, make a brief appearance in *I Am Capturing a Fish, One Glove, She Stares at Me*, and *Who Would Lose a Shoe?*

Whatever the “official” interpretation may or may not be, I hope you, dear reader, will be able to identify with these poems of mine and find meaning of your own within.

Daniel Torridon

Australia, 2023

Daniel Torridon suffers from Bipolar Disorder, also known as Manic Depression. This was triggered by sexual abuse as a child and psychological and spiritual abuse as a former member of Jehovah's Witnesses. Through his poetry, Daniel lays bare the scars that have contributed to who he is today. *In Two Minds* is unapologetic and brutally honest in its portrayal of life through the eyes of a Bipolar sufferer and a survivor of abuse.

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